

T H E
C U R A T E.

The Gift of
P O E M.
John Garmons of Rhingöck
INSCRIBED TO ALL THE
to Captain Richard Gwynne
CURATES in ENGLAND and WALES.

1766.
B Y

E. Lloyd

AUTHOR OF THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by RICHARDSON
and URQUHART, under the Royal-Exchange.

M DCC LXVI.

THE
CURATE

The Gift of
John Harrison
to Captain Richard Phipps
M. F. O. P.



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T H E
C U R A T E.

IS there a muse among the tuneful *Nine*,
Will give her hand, and let me call her mine?
Will deign a little homely cot approach,
And walk with him who cannot keep a coach?
Will take a bard for better or for worse,
And plight her troth before she weighs his purse?
Who knows that *Chance* is queen of earthly things,
Nor gives her precious self to kneeling kings;
Who knows from instances upon record,
A lord may be a fool, a fool a lord;

Who

Who holds good sense a far more precious dow'r,
 Than riches, honours, equipage, or pow'r;
 Whose native taste so pure, and so refin'd,
 Will own no charms but those that grace the mind:
 To kneeling dukes, and supplicating earls,
 Mildly replies, "Go---woo young giddy girls,
 " Who fight for tinsel coats, and gilded cars,
 " And the *celestial* pressure of a *star*;
 " In vain to hope my favour are you led,
 " From the bare merit of a *silver-thread*;
 " The emptiness of *forms* too plain I see,
 " Garters, and crowns themselves, are *toys* with me;
 " *Stars* shew nor patriot heart, nor statesman's skill,
 " *Lords*, like *card-matches*, may be made at will;
 " And he who ranks as *Knighthood's* glorious chief,
 " Shares the high honour with a *loin of beef*:
 " These gifts among the *mob of Fortune* fall;
 " One grain of honesty is worth them all---
 " Cease then to sue on such a vain pretence;
 " The dow'ry I demand, is wit, and sense."

If

If there's a muse (and sure ye all are so,
For well the *real worth* of things ye know)
Who not disdains a *tatter'd Curate's* suit,
Whose richest portion is a *silver-lute*,
And *hopes*, without fond flattery to self,
A *heart* that may atone the lack of pelf,
Be now my helpmate! and assist to string
And tune *this lute*, the *Curate's* lot to sing.

While Nature was a girl, a village-maid,
That 'midst the bumpkin world the hoyden play'd,
Loose and unzon'd, and ere her guilty fall,
Rich to exuberance, gave all to all,
The luscious milk free streaming from the breast,
To each whose amorous hand her bosom prest;
Corn, wine, and oil, promiscuous were bestow'd,
And Canaan's blessings all spontaneous flow'd:
No monarch then sat lazy on the throne,
Among the busy hive himself a drone;

No

No ministers on taxed nations fed,
Nor gorg'd down countries, while the people bled;
No mitred pastor was by law decreed,
To fleece the flock which he disdain'd to feed;
No gutling priest whose *gospel* is a *pye*,
Whose heav'n to grunt in Epicurus' stye,
Reap'd the rich harvest of another's toil,
And, tho' he shunn'd the battle, claim'd the spoil.
Man then no *patron* knew, of none had need;
A fair allotment was to all decreed;
Nature to all reach'd out a parent's care,
And of her gifts gave each an equal share;
No fav'rite was preferr'd to all the rest,
His brothers scorn'd, and only he carefs'd;
Bounteous without distinction she was found,
And all her family play'd smiling round.

Such were the days ere Nature's guilty fall,
Life was all honey, unalloy'd with gall;

Of

But Sin, enamour'd of her beauteous face,
Ravish'd young Nature in a lewd embrace.
Of the accurs'd embrace accurs'd the son,
For *Insolence of office* then begun;
And *bastardizing Nature's* eldest born
Was *Deputation*---man taught man to scorn
Brother to tread on brother, and aspire
By office great to trample on his fire:
The lust of pow'r in every bosom burn'd,
And Nature's *first equality* o'erturn'd.

Earth to her center shook---and Nature's frame
Was chang'd, and now her fruitful womb became
Barren; and all her organs of increase
Well nigh dried up; spontaneous harvests cease;
The purple clusters of the vineyard fail,
Ceres withdraws her bounty from the vale;
Vertumnus, erst the generous vernal king,
Now locks the budding riches of the spring;

C

Flora,

Flora, who Nature once so trimly dress'd,
Now pluck'd the fading roses from her breast;
Pomona's golden stores no more abound,
That gilded o'er the vast horizon round;
All Nature's Agents now the miser play'd,
And scant provision for her children made;
Old Hiems only liberal was found,
Scatt'ring his ice, like morsels, all around.
The hill, the grove, the meadow, and the field,
No more their vegetable treasures yield,
With bounty unconstrain'd---a niggard grown,
Earth will no harvest give, but what is sown;
Will let her breast be torn up with the plow,
And asks the salt-drops of the lab'rer's brow,
Ere she will yield increase, and pay his toil,
With the rich blessings treasur'd in her soil;
For Nature had decreed, that all should learn,
Before they eat, their nourishment to earn.

Labour and *Profit* then went hand in hand,
And Industry cou'd Fortune's wheel command---

But *Passions* rose, a mutinying crew,
And the fair order of the world o'erthrew.
Ambition throbbing in some tyrant-breast,
Urg'd one proud man to lord it o'er the rest;
Urg'd on his brethren's neck to raise a throne,
And rob their coffers to enrich his own;
'T' assume high office, title, and controul,
And, though by nature equal, rule the whole.
But soon he found, that to erect a throne
Was easier, than to keep it still his own;
For rebel spirits made it toil to reign,
'Nor suffer'd slav'ry, without giving pain.---
Thus, from the world's instinctive love of *ease*,
Sceptres lost more than half their pow'r to please.
And, but for *substituted office*, kings
And emperors had been unenvy'd things;
Monarchs had flung their sceptres to the seas,
And giv'n up kingdoms to redeem their ease:
But *Indolence*, enchantment on her tongue,
The joys of kings with syren-sweetness sung.

“ Ye

- “ Ye mighty Monarchs of the earth attend!
“ Receive these golden precepts from a friend!
“ Your truest friend! for I will rid your crown
“ Of thorns, and give more softness to its down---
“ *Depute* some vassal subject to sustain
“ The load of troubles that molest your reign!
“ But to yourselves the *gain* and *title* keep,
“ And from *your greatness* prove *your right to sleep!*
“ Your right to doze in Morpheus’ opiate bow’rs,
“ And sink on sofa’s of the softest flowers;
“ Lull’d to repose by Hybla’s murmuring bees,
“ And fann’d with young Favonius’ essenc’d breeze;
“ Yourself at ease may load your Viceroy’s back,
“ With cares of state their toughest sinews crack,---
“ While they, like Sisyphus, toil up the hill,
“ You in your pleasures may be Monarchs still;
“ Pandars may send to Cythereän groves,
“ To summon all the *Graces* and the *Loves*;
“ Then let your eye with curious search survey
“ The blooming ranks in Beauty’s bright array;

“ ’Till

- " 'Till one more lovely than the rest is found,
" Her lilly temples with musk-roses bound,
" Her tresses playing with the wanton breeze,
" Her bosom heaving soft as summer seas;
" White as the snow on Taurus' height her breast,
" Rounded by love, and suing to be prest;
" Whose robe loose-flowing shews her lovely waist,
" Firm tho' unzon'd, and (but *in wishes*) chaste;
" Crimson'd with blushes, that those parts are shewn,
" Which maiden modesty wou'd keep unknown;
" Charms which a holy anchorite shou'd shun,
" Left Virtue shou'd by Beauty be undone!
" Charms! that with full enjoyment cannot cloy,
" But stir a fated appetite to joy!
" Charms! at which Venus' cheek with envy fades!
" With *her* retire to dark embow'ring shades,
" And copious draughts of *Cyprian pleasures* take---
" ---Or, if 'tis too much toil to keep *awake*,
" Claim ev'ry act of indolence your own,
" And be a sleeping *Somnus* on the throne;

D

" Be

" Be half-inanimate, and count it gain,
 " For too much life won'd bring you too much pain ;
 " Gape, yawn, and stretch---but let another close
 " Your eyelids, and *by proxy* blow your nose."---

The Syren scarce had her enchantment sung,
 The honey still ran trickling from her tongue,
 When all the Monarchs of the list'ning throng,
 Grown truants at the music of her song,
 The nectar'd poison drank---and from that day,
 The weighty cares of empire shook away,
 And fix'd the load on *ministerial Elves*,
 But kept the crown and sceptre to themselves.---

From *one great Source* the human nature springs,
 And *Subjects* will be indolent as *Kings*---
 Hence ev'ry *Viceroy* pays a *Substitute*,
 And hence *deputed Ministers depute* ;
 Kings *hireling Secretaries* keep, and *these*
 Must have *their Secretaries* too, for ease---

Bishops

Bishops place *Rectors* thro' their holy sees,
 And *Rectors* mince them into *Curacies*;
 Each petty *Principal* a *Clerk* must keep,
 And *Chimney-sweepers* by their *Proxies* sweep;
 A *Beggar* purchases two *wooden legs*,
 Gives them his *Deputy*, and thro' him begs.

'Mong all the wretches found on *Proxy's* list,
 That crawl 'twixt heav'n and earth, and scarce subsist;
 'Mong all the lots to which the poor is heir,
 The hardest portion is the *Curate's* share.---

This is no raving of disgusted pride,
 No random sense by passion misapply'd;
 For, bring her to the proof, the *Muse* shall shew
 From various instances, the truth is so.---

---To mend the feeling, to increase the sore,
 Is *misery refin'd*, and nothing more---
 Yet this the *Curate's* fate---his part demands
 More than the contact of a Bishop's hands;

Demands those graces that adorn the mind,
 And of refinements asks the most refin'd;
 Asks all those classic flow'rs that once did bloom,
 In Academus' grove, and antient Rome.

This his high calling asks---and yet his lot
 Throws him where all refinement is forgot:
 Throws him among a rude unletter'd crowd,
 Rude and unletter'd, but of purses proud;
 Proud and contemptuous to a *rusty gown*,
 Tho' from *lawn sleeves* all nonsense will goldown---
 Lovely's that ignorance that begs for light,
 And kindly thanks the friend that sets it right---
 To such, my soul, thy services thou ow'st,
 For *this*, his gracious gifts the Holy Ghost
 Show'rs on the delegated Priest, in trust,
 To give the meek, and shew that God is just.
 From choice, as well as duty, such I'd teach,
 And earn the kingdom, which to them I preach---
 But the *proud Fool*, who, to the lack of sense,
 The aggravation adds of insolence;

Who vainly thinks that Learning should submit
To gold, or Title take the lead of Wit;
Who thinks that *Alma's* Sons shou'd bare the head,
And crook the knee unto a *thing of lead*;
Who, for he's worth some hundred thousand pound,
The richest fool, search all the country round,
Will take it ill his *Wealthiness* is taught
To own him. *Lord* who was not worth a groat;
To such, (forgive, meek Saviour of us all,
That in my nature there is so much gall!)
So much my spirit with their pride is vext,
My *foot* should *preach*, a *kick* should be the *text*.
Turn where you will, you'll find on ev'ry side
The Curate slighted by the Tradesman's pride;
As if they paid their tythes and Easter-dues,
Only to qualify them to abuse---
Few are th' exceptions of another stamp;
From the Lord-May'r to Tom that lights his lamp

E

Wash'd

Wash'd from all dulness in the sacred well,
 " Beside whose stream the Muses love to dwell,"
 Baptiz'd a Classic, taught each lib'ral art,
 That mends the head, or meliorates the heart;
 Howe'er despis'd the Curate for his purse,
 Religion bred him, Science was his nurse:
 Pent in his study, converse he may hold,
 Above the reach of Nabobs and their gold,
 Where all the gems of India not admit,
 The only ticket for access is Wit;
 Can with *Augustus* pass a social hour,
 Nor feel one slight from his superior pow'r;
 With mighty *Julius* in his tent can dine,
 And fight again his battles on the Rhine;
 A classic ev'ning with *Mæcenas* spend,
 Or laugh with *Horace*, his familiar friend;
 Visit young *Ammon* at the royal feast,
 And join the circle an unbidden guest;
 Snatch'd up on *Homer's* wings can spurn the clods
 Of earth, and rush to mingle with the gods---

With

With spirit thus dilated, how it galls
To hear how pert the *Undertaker* calls !
Loud his complaint that he is made to wait
Five minutes, hearse and coaches at the gate,
By *thread-bare* fellows---He, forsooth, wou'd have
Curates, like *yew-trees*, growing to the grave---
“ My breath and blood, ”---it is too much to bear
The vile mechanic's domineering air.
Note him---he trafficks in his brethren's dust---
If his *good neighbours* will not die---he must---
Broker to *Death*, and *Taylor* to the *Dead*,
To dress the *Body*, when the *Soul* is fled---
Yet are this reptile's taunts so rude, so loud,
You'd swear he *sold the Curate* with the *shroud*.---
---Hence to thy shop---prepare the worm his feast,
Nor dare profane the office of the Priest---
(The Muse wou'd find no trouble to her song,
To make exceptions as she goes along ;
She knows but one *exceptionable case*,
And she a *woman*, who can *hold her peace*)

Heart-

Heart-galling treatment! yet is this not all,
 Not half the wrongs that to the Curate fall;
 Others as sorely hurt his lib'ral soul,
 Whose honest pride ill brooks usurp'd controul.

The Wardens lo! uncivil and unbred!
 Unlick'd, untaught, un-all-things---but unfed!
 When Sunday comes, these boors wou'd fain be beaux,
 But can't put on good manners with good cloaths;
 The vulgar manner, and the warehouse phrase,
 Sticks to their tongue in whatsoe'er it says;
 And when they don the Sunday suit of lace,
 They doff the shopman's *Epileptic face*;
 The greasy night-cap's thrown aside, and now
 They buckle up the supercilious brow,
 Heap on their leaden pate Sir *Cloudesly's wig*,
 With all the little arts of looking big;
 Grow rude to those to whom six days they bow'd;
 If they can't be polite, they will be proud;
 Will treat all Curates with contemptuous air,
 Although the livery of *Christ* they wear;

" *Servant to Christ!* and what is that to me?

" I keep a servant too, as well as He : " ---

Step to the Vestry---view the offic'd Fool,

You'd swear that there the beast was hard at st---l,

So close he keeps his seat, nor deigns to stir

When Curate comes, nor scarce "*your Servant, Sir*"---

And tho' they are but sweepers of the pews,

The *Scullions of the Church*, they dare abuse,

And rudely treat their betters, urg'd by pride,

As *Grooms*, tho' *Horses Servants*, mount and ride.

Dine at a *Parish-feast*, and there review

The coarse behaviour of the glutton crew!

Each petty slave in office, greedy carves

The unctuous morsels while the Curate starves.

Harsh tho' this usage, yet I this could bear,

Tho' rude enough to make a *Parson swear*;

A maxim might step in and take their part,

As, *Injuries come only from the Heart*;

F

And

And I might pity, rather than resent
 Affronts, which as affronts were never meant;
 Frankly excuse the slights they shew the Priest,
 Nor hope for manners at a *Parish-feast*;
 For rudely snatching custard, tart, or jelly,
Wardens and *Girls* alike, may plead their belly;
 They are but *human Wolves*, a hungry race,
 And *Wolves* may eat their dinner without grace.

The *Clerk* himself is faucy now and then,
 But who would quarrel with a mere *Amen*?

'To errors mild although th' indulgent Muse
 Inclines *instinctive rudeness* to excuse,
 Yet who so tame, so slavish, ('tis not *meek*)
 That feels not when the scorner smites his cheek?
 Whose blood half-frozen thro' his veins scarce creeps,
 Whose spirit tamely under insults sleeps;
 Who can unmov'd behold his Honour bleed,
 And licks the hands that cuff him, if they feed;

Suffers

Suffers reproaches from a *wretch*, whose *Sense*
Is but *Preferment*, and his *Virtue*, *Pence*;
Whose only science is to fill his bags,
Whose pastime is to tread on worth in rags;
Deep-read in the Divinity of Hell,
Who can the Prince of Pride, in Pride excel,
And truly *orthodox* in *Satan's* lore,
Will not forgive the *Sin* of *being poor*.---

I have not drank of *Patience*' well so deep,
To lay each feeling of my soul asleep;
I boast not iron ribs, nor heart of steel,
Raw is my flesh, and warm my blood to *feel*;
If insults come, they touch me as a Man,
And I must shake them from me as I can,
And dare, where'er a crying wrong I see,
Say, tho' a King had done it, *Thou art He*---
For this th' advent'rous Muse began the Song,
An anxious pleader 'gainst the *Curate's* wrong.

Among

Among the reverend row of *M---d* heads,
On whom the Church her choicest honours sheds,
Who have in charge as a peculiar care,
That Curates while they pray may live by pray'r;
Who should the profits of the Church divide
'Mong those by whom her service is supply'd;
Are there not some who from strict duty swerve,
Nor give the most to those who most deserve?
Who to themselves a little more have ta'en,
Than Conscience can allow, or Law maintain?
Who pick a few *Commendams* here and there,
Which to a needy Curate they might spare?
And are there none who wou'd usurp controul,
And fain be *B---ps* o'er the Clergy's *soul*,
Wou'd lord it o'er their Judgment, and demand
A Party-Vote, while Conscience is at stand?
And he who dares assert his will is free,
Is doom'd to starve upon a Curacy.---

Sits there not one upon the holy bench,
Who makes Religion a convenient wench?

Who thinks she should go *plain*, but can for pay
Prove there's no harm in being somewhat gay;
Can turn the gospel fifty ways for pelf,
And make a *Party-man* of Christ himself;
Enlisted first in *Calvin's* canting tribe,
Then fled to *Luther* for a decent bribe?

Is there not one, who bows the pliant knee,
And worships yellow dirt, his deity?
An humble suitor to a senseless clod,
Tho' proud to Man, and humourfome to God;
Who in a peevish hour (as tetchy boys
In wayward humour fling away their toys)
With his *lov'd Idol disagreed*, and swore
He ne'er wou'd love it, never, never more---
But *Avarice* stepped in, and made them friends;
They kiss, shake hands, and so the quarrel ends---
Worn by the cares of *Us'ry* to the bone,
Tho' for the *meagre Priest* of *Plutus* known,

G

He

He in Christ's doctrine deals, by way of trade,
 Money by *preaching Poverty* is made---
 Whose labours were bestow'd upon the *head*,
 Whose *heart*, that found itself neglected, fled,
 And now a *mere, mere head* he lives, with Greek
 Carv'd on his skull, and furrow'd in his cheek;
 Be-greek'd, be-latin'd, and be-hebrew'd too,
 Yet from no tongue has learnt *what he shou'd do*;
 Who lives as if life's bus'ness was to write
 Learned materials for a school-boy's kite;
 Whose *left hand* cannot one good action quote,
 And all the merit of his *right, a Note*;
 A Commentator sage, a Critic nice,
 A cobweb'd library, his paradise;
 Who, tho' our gracious Master has foretold
 The everlasting doors are shut 'gainst gold,
 Yet still digs on for gold in *Mammon's* mines,
 And heaps up precious ruin, for it *shines*;
 Thinking he may elude what Christ decreed,
 And tho' a *Camel* fail, that he'll succeed;

And

And *worn* with Av'rice hopes like *chaff* to fly,
And squeeze to Heaven thro' a *needle's eye*.

Is there not one so base, so false of heart,
A very Roscius in a Traitor's part?
Who will his Patron's confidence betray,
And sell him to his enemy for pay;
A draper of the Church's sacred lawn,
Which he must smuggle, tho' his soul He pawn;
And has his Conscience drugg'd so well, that He
Can smoothly preach up Christian Charity,
And glows with zeal lest Christ shou'd suffer harm,
---Let Hell burn those, whom Faith makes but *lukewarm*;
And lest some ill Religion shou'd betide,
Himself wou'd condescend the Church to guide,
And ask nor scrip, nor purse, nor pay, nor fee,
But be content with *****'s See;
Devoutly crooks the hinges of the knee
To him who moves the springs of Ministry;
Let the Court-sunshine with diverted ray,
On outcasts beam once more propitious day;

Let him who late felt nothing from the Crown
 But gracious smiles, now wither in a frown;
 Good B---p *Shimei* courts his Patron's foes,
 ---The infect lives, but where Favonius blows.

Ye British laws! why is it you forbid
 To drag to light each villain that lies hid?
 To call him by his *real name*, no *sham*,
 His name baptismal---Tom, Dick, Will, or Sam---
 To point them out, that all the world may know
 The precious villains wheresoe'er they go---
 ---It must not be---then let invention try
 His name by apt *Allusion* to supply:
 How shall we call this consecrated dirt?
 The *Dev'l* turns *Sponsor*, and cries, *Janus S---t*.

I see each *Chaplain* roll an angry eye,
 I hear each *Chaplain* pettishly reply,
 " Pray, where, *Sir Verjuice*, are such B---ps found?
 " There are none such, search all the kingdom round---
 " As

“ As well seek *Ice* in *Hell*, and find as soon---
--- Granted, *good Scarf*--- “ Where then, Sir ?” *In the
Moon*---

The *Muse*, a *Lunatic* herself, ascends
To *Luna*’s Orb on wings that *Wilkins* lends ;
Finds there are haughty Priests and Prelates *there*,
Whom, tho’ she cannot mend, she will not spare ;
Return’d again to *Earth*, how pleas’d is she,
To find that *Saints* preside o’er ev’ry *See* !

Now, *gentle Readers*, you’ve a *Key* to find,
Whenever She is dark, the *Muse*’s Mind ;
And when I draw a *Bishop*, or a *Dean*,
Be sure, it is no one *on Earth* I mean---

Ye mitred Readers ! if so young a *Muse*
May hope Right Reverend Sages will peruse
The trifle of her Song, and condescend
To hear her bring her story to an end,

H

Altho’

Altho' the *Muse's* Drawing shou'd be true,
 What are your *Cousins of the Moon* to You?
 To prove your innocence, restrain your rage—
 Perhaps She prates like Parrots in a cage,
 And calls out *Knave* and *Villain* to a throng,
 While only Men of Virtue pass along;
 Perhaps the random outlines of her pen
 Are *Magic Lanthorn figures*, and not *Men*;
 Are but fantastic Children of the Brain,
 The airy “Pensioners of *Fancy's* train,”
 Wove in *Imagination's* loom, unseen
 Of ev'ry eye, except the eye of Spleen;
 These *Lunar B—s* may be *Saints*—may all
 Be meek as *Moses*, and devout as *Paul*,
 Pure as the *premier Seraphim* on high,
 As wise as Oracles, as grave as *I*;
 Be wash'd with show'rs of Heav'n's ambrosial dews,
 And right good *Christians*, tho' as rich as *Jews*:
 They may be such, and *Rumour* is their foe—
 Glad were the *Muse*, if she shou'd find it so;

For

For, in good faith, she is no stand'rous Dame,
And loves to *praise*, far better than to *blame*:
But *He* who throws the picture from his view,
And sorely wincing, proves the Likeness true,
Let him not shake his hoary locks at me,
'Tis Conscience whispers to him, "*Thou art He.*"

Base is that pleasure, which a little mind
Can in maligning others fortunes find.
If *Apemantus* say, I wou'd defeat
The cause of greatness, for I am not great,
And look on Prelates with an envious eye,
Manners forbid, or Truth might give the lie.
My heart's too proud to think that I am less,
Because another meets with more success;
To think I can no race of glory run,
Because I am not *Fortune's* fav'rite Son;
With joy my soul can pay, to justice true,
Honour's fair tribute, where she thinks it due.
My cheek with Envy's canker never fades,
If *Greatness* follows but as *Merit* leads;

Is prosperous Vice worth envy? 'twere as well
To envy *Satan's* Monarchy of Hell---

I am not so enamour'd of dispraise;
To credit all the tongue of Slander says;
Malice has not so tainted me with gall,
'Cause some are bad, to think amiss of all;
Nor is the *Muse* so niggard of fair fame,
To think there are no Prelates who may claim
The blest reward that will to Saints be paid;
Whose cause fair *Charity* herself wou'd plead,
For naked, hungry wretches cloath'd and fed,
For comfort giv'n to the sick man's bed;
For captives freed, the weary set at rest,
Oppression thwarted, injuries redrest;
For sinners taught the way of living well,
And souls by *preaching Christ*, redeem'd from Hell:
Yes, there may be among the mitred throng,
Prelates, to whom these praises may belong;
New *Ridleys*, and new *Latimers* may grace,
And add a lustre to their sacred place;

Who, should our *Holy Faith* more *Martyrs* need,
Wou'd, for the *Holy Faith*, or burn or bleed ;
And, by their patient suffering, prove they hold
The *Virtue* of a *Bishop* with the *Gold*.

Such there may be, altho' to me unknown,
Who may these virtues challenge for their own :
(And Truth must own, there stands full many a name
As yet unblotted on the roll of fame,
On whom the breath of slander never blew---
Such Sherlock was, and *Terrick*, such are you ;
Such *many more*, tho' not my lot to know)
But *Conscience* best will find out who is so---
To *Conscience* then I leave you, while the *Muse*
The *Curate's* life thro' other paths pursues.

Ye purfy *Rectors* ! overbearing crew !
Much hath the *Curate* to complain of you---
Much reason of complaint that you neglect
To give his worth, and office, fair respect ;

I

Forget

Forget he is your *Equal*, often more,
 Unless you plume upon the *Money* score.
 Ye wou'd be *Masters*, *Tyrants*, and wou'd have
 The *Minister of Jesus*, be your *Slave*;
 And, for the scanty pittance that you pay,
 Which scarce amounts to eighteen pence a day,
 Expect the *Curate* shou'd all drudg'ry do,
 On errands run, or black your *Honour's shoe*;
 In his *Crape-Livery* at your table wait,
 Clean knives and forks, but never fit to eat.
 Though of the Church, your *common Mother*, born
Brothers, you treat the *Brother's* tie with scorn,
 And rarely, very rarely, condescend,
 If Fortune is his foe, to be his *Friend*;
 ---Fye, fye---ye haughty Priests! and is it so
 Ye have learnt *Christ*, to be a *Brother's* foe!

But soft---presumptuous Muse!---a lower strain---
 And learn to *whisper*, if you must complain;
 Let not the *Pagan* hear you say aloud,
 Some *Priests* of *humble Jesus* can be proud---

---Vain is the Caution---What shou'd be the fear,
Tho' *Pagans* and their *Scoundrel Gods* should hear?
What's there in *Form*, that *Form* shou'd *Essence* blot?
Our God is pure, although some *Priests* are not.

Mistake not, Critic!---'tis no rankling spite,
No private quarrel urg'd my pen to write
Against the *Rector Tribe*---for *be it known*,
I ne'er receiv'd one insult from *my own*;
And many others, men of worthy note,
Exceptions to her charge the Muse could quote,
Who can amalgamate with chymic art,
The *Rector's Income* with the *Curate's Heart*---
But they not need it---*Conscience* will acquit,
And hold her shield against the darts of Wit;
For let the *Scorner* censure, flout, and flout,
If men are *honest*, they can *find it out*:
I am not to my private wrongs confin'd,
But feel as *Man* shou'd feel for all Mankind;
And there are *Priests* who can like *Popes* oppress;
From them th' indignant Muse demands redress---

Behold *Nugoso!* wriggling, shuffling on,
A mere *Church-puppet*, an *Automaton*
In Orders; note *its* tripping, mincing pace---
Religion creams and mantles in *its* face!
'Tis all Religion from the top to toe!
--- But *Milliners* and *Barbers* made it fo---
It wears Religion in the *modish* way,
It brushes, starches, combs it every day;
For our *prim Doctor* is but such a *Saint*
As Sign-post daubers o'er a brothel paint;
An *Effigy*, a *reverend Bust*, whose head
Is but a *Perriwig*, and *bronzed Lead*;
Whose *Orthodoxy* lies in *outward things*,
In *beavers*, *cassocks*, *gowns*, *bands*, *gloves* and *rings*:
It shews *its Learning* by *its Doctor's Hood*,
And proves *its Goodness*---'cause *its cloaths* are good;
Preaches (nor think *Invention* frames the lie)
Its Christmas-Sermon on a *Christmas-Pye*,
Orthodox-Pudding next, and in the rear,
(Salvation thrown aside) a *good New Year*.

Search but the *North*, the *South*, the *West*, the *East*.
 Of this great Town, you'll find this *Pastry-Priest* ;
 Yet shall this Ape of Form, this Fashion's Fool,
 Pretend to keep an Apostolic School ;
 Shall dare with insolent *Rectorial* pride,
Its Curate, spite of all his virtues, chide,
 And scoffing, cry,---“ You ne'er can find the way
 “ To Heaven”---“ Why?”---“ Your *Stockings* are too
 “ gay ;
 “ Your *Wig* is not quite *orthodoxly* curl'd,
 “ To hope for favour in another world ;
 “ Your *Cassock* is too rusty---and your *Gown*
 “ Is for the *Court of Jesus* much too brown.
 “ Your *Band* is not half *starch* enough---your *Hat*
 “ Too *fiercely cock'd*---th' *Apostles* wore them *flat* ;
 “ Pray in your *Coat* too!---worfe than all the rest---
 “ God's not at *Home*, Sir, if the *Priest's undrest*---
 “ Mend and reform---in *Cloaths*---for no one goes
 “ To Heav'n's gay Court, except *Canonic-beaux*.”

K

It

--- It chatters, prattles, snivels, whines, and cants,
More tedious than a world of Maiden Aunts.---

Thou Saint-seducing Gold! whom canst not Thou
Apostates make, and at thy Altars bow?
The holy Priest shall, when Thou bidd'st, resign
His God, and pay his Homage at thy Shrine;
Shall, when the Pastor's Office he'd transfer,
Make no enquiry into *character*,
Consult no profit which *his flock* may reap
From the deputed shepherd, but *how cheap*;
And when two offer, *good*, and *bad*---success
Awaits the *bad*, if he will *serve for less*;
So much the interest of *this World* controuls,
He'll *save a Guinea*, if he *saves no Souls*!

Example here might prove the charge is true,
But Priests in shoals come rushing to my view,
That the Muse knows not which of these Divines
Shall jingle as the instance of her lines.

Dives,

Dives, Avarus, Gripus, fifty more,
Who play the part which *Judas* play'd before;
Perplex her choice, altho' she cou'd not err,
So proper each, which-e'er she did prefer;
The reader may, perchance, relieve her doubt,
And 'mong his neighbours, find an instance out.

Though vast the sum of evils that fill up
The measure of the *Curate's* bitter cup;
Though much distress, much grief of heart he knows,
From them whom *Poverty* have made his foes,
He might bear firmly up, nor condescend,
While innocence and virtue call him friend,
At *Fortune's* shrine his stubborn knee to bend;
'Might give her sneer for sneer, and frown for frown,
Tho' the *Imperial Goddess* of the Town,
On *Plutus' Altars* with disdain might tread,
And fling his Crown and Sceptre at his head;
Although his heart for *Riches* never pants,
Attentive but to *Nature's simple wants*,

And

And could without one longing wish behold
Oceans of liquid pearl with *shores of gold*;
 See *ships of amber* on the *orient flood*,
 Full fraught with all that *Avarice* calls *good*,
 With all that *female Vanity* calls *fair*,
 Or *spendthrift Luxury* thinks worth his care;
 Tho' with contempt he could survey these *toys*,
 And think them *gewgaws* only fit for *boys*,
 Yet may he have one purpose in his soul,
 Which may his *carelessness* for *Wealth* controul,
 On *treasur'd Gold* may *prostitute* his eye,
 And steal for *Miser's* heaps a secret sigh---
Love may have touch'd him, and the *finest dart*
 Of *Cupid's* quiver rankle in his heart---
 And He too generous of soul to bear,
 That the *rude hand of want* shou'd touch his *Fair*---
 No---the dear object whom his heart adores,
 Must never enter at *Misfortune's* doors;
 For *her sake only* he for *wealth* may pine,
Plutus might lead him on to *Hymen's* shrine.

Rich

Rich in each grace, in each emollient art,
In ev'ry quality that mends the heart;
By ev'ry Attic elegance refin'd,
With which fair Science decorates the mind;
With sentiments for earth almost too good,
Ting'd with a *decent smack of flesh and blood*;
Companion meet in *Ida's* grove to sit,
And entertain the *Muses* with his wit;
Shou'd some accomplish'd Fair One catch his eye,
And with her virtues teach his heart to figh;
Shou'd she of passion yield the kind return,
And with a mutual love of merit burn;
Though they both sicken, by *Love's* Stroke undone,
And growing languid with the *Paphian Sun*,
Hold tender parley with despairing eyes,
While glance with glance is answer'd, figh with fighs,
And each *imprison'd Heart* wou'd burst his chest,
Ardent to throb in one united breast;
Though more they feel than *Cupid's Martyrs* knew,
More than *enamour'd Poet* ever drew;

L

Though

Though all *Love's Ætna* in their bosom flames,
 And glides thro' ev'ry vein in burning streams;
 Though *married thus by Nature*, angry fate
 Forbids the *Curate* shou'd have such a mate.
Sir John is haughty---and, with high disdain,
 Rejects alliance with so poor a swain---
 " Presumptuous wretch! to dare with no pretence,
 " But Honesty untainted, and good Sense,
 " Good Wit, good Nature, and sincerest Love,
 " Presume to *look at* one so much above
 " His level and degree---Shou'd dare approach,
 " And ask my daughter's hand *without a Coach*!
 " 'Tis nonsense, stuff, impertinence, and worse,
 " To talk of *loving* with an empty purse---
 " *Pennyless fellows* to pretend to feel,
 " And talk of *darts more sharp than pointed steel*;
 " ---Whip me such vagrants thro' fair *Cyprus's* isle---
 " Before my *Daughter's*, first get *Fortune's Smile*---
 " Put to your *Doves*, good *Venus*---and adieu!
 " In vain your pretty Self for *Curates* sue."---

His

His warmth of passion all in vain he pleads,
In vain he shews he inwardly he bleeds,
Shews the *dove feathers* with his *heart's blood red*,
For *Cupid* drew his arrow to the head;
In vain he urges 'tis not pow'r, nor pelf,
But the attractive beauties of *herself*
Have won his heart---that all the world beside
Were poor to him, if *Phyllis* is deny'd;
All, all is vain---the answer had been rude,
If *Christ himself* without a *fainture* su'd.

The time wou'd fail to tell of each offence
Of affectation born, and want of sense;
How ev'ry *Fop* affects to jeer and gibe,
To *smoke the Parson*, and to gail his kibe;
To tip the wink, to start the bawdry toast,
To laugh at *Christ*, and sneer the *Holy Ghost*,
To act the *Infidel*, deny a *God*,
But all his *Argument* a *Shrug* and *Nod*.

Balbutio

Balbutio, half a *Beau* and half a *Belle*,
 Lisps tiny jokes against that *Bugbear*, *Hell*;
 And when the *Snuff-box* has *manur'd* his wit,
 To be made happy he will not submit
 But his own way. -- What's *Heaven* to a *Beau*?
 He can find better company below;
 And tho' so modest that he wou'd not dare
 To meet in private some inviting fair,
 Yet is this thing all amorous and lewd,
 Where to be amorous is to be rude,
 And wherefoe'er he meets a grave *Divine*,
 He toasts his *Whore*, with " *Demme* -- *She is fine* !

View yon gay Circle! *Fashion's* brilliant Reign,
 Where it is *Sin* and *Treason* to go plain --
 Where *Virtue* is defin'd a *beauteous Face*,
 And *Merit* nothing means but -- *Flanders Lace*;
 Where all the value of the *Head's* without,
 Like precious *Jewels* in a *swinish Snout*;

Where

Where sparkling *Di'monds* are preferr'd to *Brains*,
And *Figs* and *Hornpipes* to soft *Lydian Strains* ;
Where Wit and Sense are held in disrepute,
And *Learning* lies in an *embroider'd Suit*.
Shou'd some poor *Curate* awkward, and ill drest,
The glittering Circle join---the ill-bred *jest*,
The *whisper*, *titter*, *wink* runs thro' the ring---
“ A *Parson* (*sure's*) a strange, queer, awkward *thing*,
“ A clumsy, rustic *Cretur*---Well, I vow,
“ I've seen a *Plough-boy* make a *better Bow*---
“ ---Good Doctor! burn your *books*, and learn to *dance*,
“ Shake off *old Greece*, and study *modern France*---
“ Can *Harry Stotle* teach the *Art to kiss* ?
“ Can *Pleto* give a Lady *real Bliss* ?
“ Can *Logic* teach you the *expiring Sigh*,
• “ To *squeedge* the Hand, and roll the *dying Eye* ?
“ Can cool *Philosophy's dry hand* impart
“ The *loofest Wishes* to the *chastest Heart* ?
“ Can *Homer*, with the *musty Tale of Troy*,
“ Give *modern Helens* true *substantial Joy* ?

“ A *Lady's Appetite* asks rich repast,
“ To diet on a *Scholar*, is to *fast*.”
Truce, gentle *Fair Ones*---truce---your jeering spare!
He may be *honest*, tho' his *Coat* is *bare*--
Though his *Bow's awkward*, yet *sincere* his *Heart*,
And He a *Man of Honour*, tho' no *Smart*,
Did you the trick possess his *Mind* to know,
You'd find *within* he is a *moral Beau*.

These, and a thousand grating ills beside,
To the *Town-Curate's* thorny life betide.

Not so our *Village-Brethren*---happier they
Sing at their work, and in the vineyard play;
Their task accomplish'd, and their duty done,
They sport like children in the evening fun;
No flights they know, no injury sustain,
Of no rude rabble's insolence complain;
But stand on fair *Equality*, none higher,
And *smoke*, and *play back-gammon* with the 'Squire.

So

T H E C U R A T E .

47

So the blythe shepherd in *Arcadia's* plains,
While his flock grazes, chaunts his rural strains;
The wolf at distance, and serene the day,
His work is pleasure, and his bus'ness play.

Ye honest Curates! wherefoe'er ye are,
Whate'er your lot is, learn that lot to bear!
Though *Royal Favour* never on you shone,
Nor *cast-off M---s* gave a *B---p's* throne;
Though *Fortune* will not take you for her heir,
Nor think you *Fools* enough to need her Care,
Repine not at the humble place you hold!
Happiness is not to be bought with *Gold*.
Sigh not for *Mitres*, they're not worth your care,
They're lin'd with thorns, although they look so fair---
Virtue can live without them, nor wou'd chuse
To gain a *Mitre* her *Content* to lose.
Few are the wants of life---*bed, raiment, food---*
And its chief *luxury* is *doing good*.

Curates

THE CURATE

Curates in this may with *Archbishops* vie,
With *Princes* may contend in *Charity*;
May strive with *Monarchs* in the deeds of *Grace*,
And challenge them to run th' *immortal Race*.

F I N I S

